

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Note and Comment

For two or three weeks past the front page of the Saturday News has been masquerading under false colors. The fact was too painfully apparent for you not to have noticed it.

When the editor of Note and Comment set forth on his travels three weeks ago, he left certain explicit orders. The page was to be carried on as if he were here. No announcement was to be made of his absence. In a fortnight he would return to take up his work as usual.

Since then circumstances absolutely beyond his control have occurred to detain him in the East, the particulars of which are already well known to you. And while for two weeks one felt that one would do one's best to hold down the editorial chair, the longer absence makes some explanation in order.

Behold me then a round peg in a square hole, endeavoring to do "the best I kin do."

The Editorial Chair is not to my liking; The editor's desk is too unfamiliar for me to enjoy working at. I prefer my own little stamping ground among the frills and feathers, with a looking-glass to smile me back encouragement.

I don't like being a "We." I am a rank egotist. Because he is twenty-one hundred miles away I can confide to you that the man who writes the front page of this weekly journal is a modest man; a most exceptionally un-conceited personage.

It doesn't occur to him that he has a place in this world to fill, or a place in this paper to fill, that no one can attempt to usurp with any but indifferent success. He is an ardent advocate of impersonal journalism.

For this reason I have confined myself to general topics rather than attempting to deal with any political or particular issues. My one idea has been to steer clear of dangerous ground. If in the effort I have only proven exceptionally tiresome, I crave your forbearance; That same kindness and interest you have manifested so unstintingly since he first met with his accident, and which, I may say to you from him, has touched him more than he can express.

PEGGY.

How literally true some figurative lines are often found to be is aptly illustrated in a sermon I listened to a week ago on Sunday morning.

The given text was: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Taking up the theme of his argument, the preacher proceeded to point out that all this agitation and fuss about the new theology, was only making a mountain out of a mole-hill. The so-called New Thought was in reality no new theology at all, but merely a different line of study adopted by a new generation of Bible students towards the greatest and the grandest book that ever was, or ever will be, written.

The Bible is the same today as it was in the beginning, but the race has advanced from the attitude of a child in its study, to a fuller and a wider comprehension of the beauty and the practicability of its doctrines. Today its message was Love. In the earlier stages it was translated as Fear and Sacrifice.

And going on to explain, the eloquent young divine spoke of an experience he had just had in his own life that illustrated his point.

He had just returned from his summer vacation, spent in an old town, with which as a boy he was on intimately familiar terms.

This year he had returned there accompanied by his own infant son, and one day idly tossing stones into the lake for his amusement, it suddenly occurred to him how changed everything had become.

How changed! But how?

There was the same old shore line, the same old beach. There was this familiar bluff and that small bay. There that clump of trees and beyond it still other well-known landmarks.

And then it came over him, that not it, but he, was changed.

It was the same as he had always known it. In no wise different. But the child-eyes with which he had viewed it had taken on a man's estimate of things. The little unimportant things of the Then

were the vital things of the Now. What had seemed to him from his child's vantage point the big things of life, had faded into insignificance.

The place was in every respect as he remembered it. The metamorphosis was in himself.

And so the Bible was not changed, only people were getting a better understanding—a man's understanding—of its teachings. Years hence they would, no doubt, get further light, fuller experience. Life necessitated growth.

But the Little Minister had learned another lesson from the text that acquired still further vision closed to its attractiveness. The same city, seen through freshened senses.

Coming back to work he had discovered that the city in which he lived was a very beautiful city. The rest and change had opened his eyes to its beauties. It had always been the same doubtless, but in the grind of hard work his eyes had been to its attractiveness. The same city, seen through freshened senses.

What glorious trees, what quiet, peaceful lawns! How exquisitely the birds sang, what kindly people!

He hadn't taken much notice before of how good life was. The stimulus of a holiday had awakened his appreciation.

And so through life, said he, if we will but open our eyes we will see "Books in the running brooks; and sermons in stones," because, as you see, he had literally found his present one there.

I wonder if there was anything in life that the Wizard of Stratford-on-Avon missed?

It comes to me that the Little Minister would be badly put out if he read this imperfect rendering of a very good sermon, but in reply I can tell him that the hands of the clock careered around—well, a rather considerable distance—without my eyes looking at them, and that I, at any rate, took the lesson home that fitted my particular circumstances so that he has really no kick coming.

According to reports in the daily papers in Edmonton, the price of milk is to be advanced in this district, from eight to ten cents a quart; the reason given for the change being the high price of feed and the higher cost of handling milk under the new dairy regulations. On the front page of a local contemporary reference is also made to the dairymen's resentment that the Dairy Inspector's reports have been published in the papers, regret being expressed not only that these reports should have been published in the first instance, but that comment should have been made on them, and only excerpts quoted. A stated grievance was that one milk consumer had decided to use only condensed milk as a result of his reading one of the reports last week.

The dairymen are also quoted as aggrieved that only three dairies were scored "good" last month, in respect of all of the three items, milk house, stable and utensils. The attitude adopted by the dairymen with regard to the publication of the Dairy Inspector's reports, strikes one as little less than absurd, and a bit high-handed.

What matter is of more vital interest to the citizens of any city than the condition of its milk supply? What concern so nearly touches the health and happiness of every family, and particularly of every family with growing youngsters than this much-vexed question, milk, the source from which it comes, the handling, and the disposal of it?

The Dairymen would wish that the Inspector should reserve these reports for the Commissioners only; The Commissioners, who do not, we assume, drink milk, and whom it only concerns in a general way as it affects the health of the city at large.

Householders on the other hand have more personal reasons for wishing to know what's what, and who's who in the milk line.

Reasons that begin with the babies in their respective families, and end with doctors' bills, anxious mothers, and broken hearts.

Every milk consumer has a right to know all the essential facts concerning his milk supply, and when it comes to talking milk every fact is an essential. One tuberculous cow, one unsanitary stable, one tainted milk can, one pair of unwashed hands, and in their wake how many small touchstones?

No householder can afford to shrug his shoulders and leave such matters to the Commissioners or in the hands of any medical health officer. The thing concerns each vitally and what is more, concerns them today, not six months hence, when we are told, the new system will have had time to be put into operation.

It should never have needed a new system to bring home to any dairymen the necessity of absolute cleanliness in every particular from the first day he decided to go into the business. Every newspaper and magazine you can pick up nowadays devote columns to the industry, and calls attention to the far-reaching effects in neglect or carelessness at any step in the trade.

The dairymen's lot may be no sinecure, but the man who takes it up, is morally bound to see the business through, and see it through right. A doctor prescribes for a limited circle of patients. A milkman boasts a far larger clientele.

Into each house his commodity enters, more surely than any physician, he carries the possibilities of health and happiness, or sickness and death. One is bound to face facts. And for any circle of men to say that the dealing with such issues should be left to Commissioners or Medical Health Officers solely, is talking rubbish.

No wrong was ever righted by concealing facts. If the milkman realizes that his product has to come up to a certain standard, and the householder is alive to see that he comes up to the requisitions, the two working together will bring about any reforms that are needed. But to practically advocate keeping the facts dark, so that dairymen generally will not share in the verdict passed on some of their fraternity who do not come up to the recognized standards, is neither justice to the good men in the business, nor ordinary common sense.

Raise the price of milk locally if you will, though doing so will drive a great number to patronizing the canned variety, but let us know where the fresh milk is coming from, under what conditions produced, and what men are handling the business properly.

"John Scanlan, better known as Walt Mason, the poet philosopher, was found dead in his studio in Philadelphia, Sept. 12th, with a bottle of laudanum beside him. Mr. Scanlan was forty-seven years old. It is not known whether he committed suicide or died of natural causes."

Such were the brief facts set forth in a news paragraph on Monday of this week.

"Walt Mason" was the man, as you know, who every morning had a little chat with you over the breakfast table, under the intimate guise of "Uncle Walt." A genial philosopher, taking as the subjects of his texts the little happenings of everyday life, and drawing therefrom a humorous and happy philosophy. He talked to the common man of common homely things. In a merry, whimsical way, he pointed his morals and adorned his tales. So cheery he was, so innocently ridiculous, that the busy man took time for a smile with him, and the over-worked house-mother carried with her through the day the memory of so kindly a philosophy of household tragedies, that she was able to laugh with him when she would otherwise have felt inclined to weep.

Now the pen of the laughing master is stayed. Some more few chats we may enjoy with Uncle Walt, because journalists of his tribe must of necessity prepare some work ahead and then some morning, his place at the table will be vacant, and we will miss him for a day, and then—forget. Because that is the way of the world.

But while we apparently plunge again into life unheeded of him who has gone, I hold that no man who has made the world laugh, no man who has added to the joy of life, or its sweetness or sunniness, is ever in reality buried or swallowed up in oblivion, because,

"If aught can be sure, what is surer
Than that earth's good decays not with the earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountain of mirth.
He that sounds it has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears close to sleep,
For the foam-flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep."

Walt Mason's tragic death would seem to argue yet again the truth of the lines.

It is a remarkable fact that the world's wittiest and brightest writers are as a rule numbered among the sad in everyday life.

Take it from the clown in the circus to the funny man on a paper, and are they not nearly always hiding beneath laughing exteriors, aching hearts?

One calls to mind so many cases.

The summing up of Walt Mason's death is contained in the words, "It is not known," and the same might be written over against the life record of a good many lives that have passed out, apparently from natural causes.

How little, after all, is known!

Most people are sized up at their face value. If a man goes along smiling he has cause for happiness; if he whines through life, Fate has used him badly. Which is very rarely, if ever, true. The day of Mason's death, his contribution to the morning paper, strangely enough, was entitled "Saturday Night," and ended thus:

"Saturday Night, and it's time for bed! And the kids come in with a buoyant look and hush their noise at the mother's look, as she slowly opens a heavy book, and reads the tale of the stormy sea, and the voice that quieted Galilee. Then away to bed and the calm repose that only honesty ever knows. Saturday Night, and the world is still, and it's only the erring who find things ill; There is sweet content and a sweeter rest where a good heart beats in a brave man's breast."

Saturday Night is a milestone in its way. An ending of a week's hard work. A respite; Peace after conflict, and so this good merry heart no doubt has found it.

"Saturday Night and the world is still."

Since the above notice was written, a contradiction of Walt Mason's death has appeared in many papers. We don't know now which report to believe, but by all the laws of the game, no man has a right to get all the glory and satisfaction there is in reading what a fine fellow he was, and then behave like a cat with the famous nine lives.

Once dead, a man should have the common decency to stay quiet, and if Uncle Walt is Here, not There, I trust for a week or so he will absent himself from the breakfast table, and if he has to have the satisfaction of reading all the obituary notices that have been flung at him, that he will choose some quiet spot "far from the maddling crowd" where he can take his honors quietly.

A man once remarked that the world must be getting a great deal worse, since all the people who lie under the sod appear to have been good and beautiful.

If Walt Mason still lives we shall be most pleased to qualify a great many of the statements we have made. Hoping to hear from him wherever he is, we remain,

One of the Many Bouquet Throwers.

"Palmistry may be made of the greatest help in training a child and directing his education," declares a journal devoted to that "science." Since the time of Noah, if not before, parents have employed the palm for that purpose—often with striking results.

THE FORSAKEN PARENT

The whistle blows, the long train streams away,
Small hands are waved, young voices cry adieu,
And life again seems strangely cold and grey.

That for a space had owned a brighter hue.

Flow manfully that parting hour was borne!

They heaved no sigh, no scalding tear-drop fell.

They did not seem dejected or forlorn,

But I—well, well!

I think I did my best to please my boys;

I did not stint them when I played the host,

But in renewing all my youthful joys

I somehow think that I enjoyed it most.

The old forgotten pleasures seemed sublime,

We laughed together and I lived among

The shades of that, also, too distant time

When I was young.

What ecstasy in swinging round the curves

That marked the spiral railway's giddy track!

How splendid to forget that I had nerves

And do the helter-skelter—on my back!

But now that hour is past. I sadly own

Such joys no longer hold me in their thrall,

I cannot play the schoolboy all alone.

Confound it all!

—Selected.

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Leave your home behind, lad,
'And reach your friends your hand,
And go, and luck go with you,
While Ludlow tower shall stand.

Come you home a hero,
Or come not home at all,
The lad who leave will mind you
'Till Ludlow tower shall fall.

And you will list the bugle
'That blows in lands of morn,
And make the foes of England
Be sorry you were born.

And you will trump of doomsday
O'plands of morn may die,
And make the hearts of comrades
Be heavy where you die.

—A. E. Housman.

To be killed or wounded in warfare is the lot of a proportion of soldiers. Most prefer to come through unscathed, but during the recent manoeuvres in England it seems the dead and wounded had the best of it. The army medical corps demonstrated the practical efficiency of the medical organization and the victims of the battlefield enjoyed and, it is to be hoped, appreciated their work, which lasted three days. Several humorous incidents occurred.

Long before the battle was ended the regimental surgeons, after a preliminary dressing on the field, began sending wagon-loads of wounded men to the rear for further treatment while the stretcher-bearers were collecting the wounded. Three stretcher patients were carried to the operating tent for treatment.

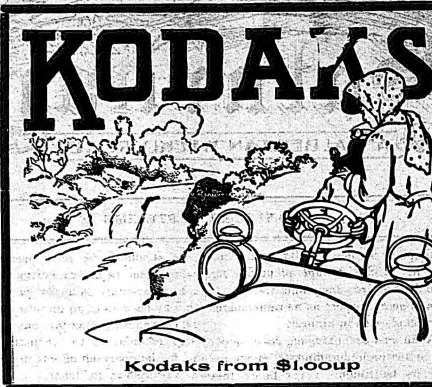
In five minutes two of the patients reappear on their stretchers and are gently laid beside two other waiting men on a straw-covered hay wagon commandeered from a neighboring farmer. In another moment the third stretcher—empty—is carried out of the operating tent and returned to its wagon.

Private Kelly's wound has resulted fatally, and the stretcher must be used again. Realism was the keynote of the day's proceedings. As in real warfare no further provision would have to be made for Private Kelly's transportation orations, none had been made here. His glaze at being dead, and so finished with the manoeuvres, was changed to dismay when he learned that he had to walk to his camp, some eleven miles, and then report at once to his barracks. Among a batch of wounded brought in was a private of the Suffolk Regiment, whose wound label was marked "Jawbone shattered by shrapnel." He looked so abjectly miserable, with only his eyes and nose appearing through his bandages, that the captain in charge turned to him first. "Are you really injured, then?" he asked. "No, sir," said the man, saluting briskly, "but we were told to get dinner here, and unless you'll let me take all this off I can't get my mouth open."

"The unit for transports," as needing the greatest attention from the ambulance men, entered fully into the spirit of the game. These were men meant to be suffering from penetrating wounds of the abdomen. Experience in real warfare has taught that such cases stand the best chance of recovery if left undisturbed for 24 hours until their wounds have automatically sealed.

On Monday the duty of lying at ease for hours on a comfortable stretcher in the shade while his comrades manoeuvred over the sun-scorched plain was greatly appreciated by the lucky "unit for transport." Tuesday's driving rain, however, made his lot less pleasant and led to many complications.

In the middle of a particularly heavy downpour one of the stretcher bearers reported to his captain that three "unit for transport" he had marked on the field "visited in crawling order their stretchers to keep off the rain." "They are almost drowned as well, sir," he added. "Could they be dead now sir we could use our stretchers for collecting some of



the sitting-up, who are getting awfully restless waiting to be brought in."

Wagons for transporting the dressed cases from the tent division to the railroad at the camp were in great demand. One medical sergeant, after securing one, hurriedly lined up a squad of injured and began calling the roll. The first name was answered to by a private of the Munsters, who was lying on a stretcher smoking a cigarette.

"Get into the wagon," said the sergeant.

"Not me," came the answer. "I am dead, and I am not 'mive it 'ninner time."

For years one of the sights of Constantinople has been the army of dogs which have infested the streets. There was an unwritten canine law which kept them to their particular street or lane and we betwixt any dog that strayed into or invaded another's territory. There chief use was scavenging as they ate up all the offal and garbage. The Turks, who will not harm animal life, decided to remove them and the "unfortunate" animals were netted and deported to an island where their sufferings have created much indignation among the lovers of dogs. A visitor to the island writes as follows:

Owing to the interest taken in the unfortunate pariah dogs of Constantinople, it was recently stated that the municipal authorities had finally resolved to put an end to the sufferings of these poor beasts by poisoning them and having them buried in quicklime.

Unfortunately, nothing of the kind has as yet been done. It is a curious fact that while the ordinary Turk considers it inhuman to kill a dog, he appears to be quite indifferent to the animal's sufferings while it lives.

I visited, the day before yesterday, the Island of Ozia, in the Sea of Marmora, the place of exile of the dogs. A picture of misery and desolation met our eyes. Dead and dying animals were to be seen everywhere. I saw dogs eating their dead companions.

In the midst of the dead, dying and emaciated dogs, there were many which still preserved their robust and appearance, but the lack of fresh water will doubtless bring these to the same stage as the others. There are some half-don men on the island who feed the dogs twice a day, for which purpose bread is imported weekly. The dogs are quieter and seem more resigned. They greeted us on landing by wagging their tails and brushing up against us, as if to say, "Take us away from this inhospitable place." Several tried to swim behind the dinghy when we were leaving the island, but soon had to abandon the attempt owing to their weak condition. The death-rate of the dogs is about 200 a day.

An industry has been started on the island by a Frenchman, who skins the dead carcasses and boils them for the purpose of extracting the bones, both skin and bones being exported to Europe.

While playing a game of bridge the other evening a discussion arose as to the origin of cards. The general idea was that cards were invented to amuse a mad king of France. It is true that one Gringonneur made or produced some cards for the amusement of Charles VI, the demented king, in 1392. It is recorded that in 1397 cards were introduced into Switzerland, from Italy. They must therefore, have been in existence before this date and as the intercourse between nations was limited in those days, the probabilities were that they had been in use for some time in order to get sufficiently popular to be taken into another country and it is supposed that they were invented by the

Venetians. It is curious that no mention is made of cards by English or other writers till late years. Chess is mentioned by writers in the 12th and 13th centuries. The hearts, clubs, spades and diamonds of the present day were formerly known as swords, clubs, coins and cups. It seems that in the old days cards were in use chiefly by the lower classes and until the nobility and gentry used them were ignored by the writers of the day.

How often do we think over what we ought to have said on certain occasions and did not, or what we ought not to have said, and did say. Everyone is not born with the power of making a witty reply or having the savoir faire to get out of an unlucky remark. The following anecdote will show the danger of asking an unknown person who someone may be if you but stoop to the party designated by some peculiarity in physique, or dress which may be true.

A distinguished foreigner at a Royal Ball asked an exalted personage: "Can you tell me, sir, who that extraordinarily fat woman is?" "That," answered the personage, "is my sister, Princess."

"Oh, really, sir," replied the inquirer coolly, "she is fat, isn't she, sir?"

She was, and as it is no crime to be fat, or to be called so, nothing more was said.

JEWELS.

In various Oriental countries where jewels are found there are many curious and imaginative tales, legends, and superstitions as to the supposed virtues, influences, and constitution of precious stones. When one considers the vivid imagination of the Eastern mind and the marvelous lustre of the cut jewels, one can understand how, like gemi, imprisoned for thousands of years in bottles by the mighty Solomon, the sun itself may be considered as emerging in the radiance of the diamond formed by pressure during millions of years in the darkest depths of the earth. Indeed, modern science seems rather to confirm than to refute the wildest theories, or how else can we account for the storage of imperishable light and heat in such substances as, radium? Jewels have always been worn by Eastern potentates, not only for their intrinsic beauty and as a sign of wealth, but for the magic power which they are supposed to confer upon their possessors. Hence the importance attached throughout all ages to the sizer ring of popes and monarchs.

But gems were, and indeed are, considered not merely as emblems of regal power, but as being efficacious in the healing of disease. Thus a scholar, dying from loss of blood, was saved by the gift of a bloodstone the size of a pigeon's egg, which was brought to him by a woman who loved him, and which he wore round his neck. Also a girl dying of fever is said to have been effectually cured of the malignant attack by Oriental rubies placed upon her burning breast.

A prince was saved from the hauntings of dream-goblins by wearing on his breast a "spinel ruby."

To the emerald, in particular, are attributed many virtues. Jewels were also believed to possess the marvelous faculty of conferring on those who wore them in their hands or wear them information, provided they are capable of understanding their hidden meanings, giving a mysterious knowledge of the countries from which they were originally brought and of the people to whom they formerly belonged, as well as of the circumstances and the surroundings among which they have been at various times preserved.

The most extraordinary fact of all is that this power was believed to be a voluntary act on the part of the particular jewel, which could either impart or withhold the information ac-

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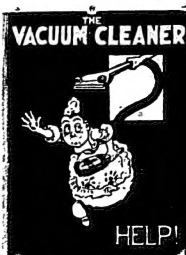
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THE SATURDAY NEWS

Home and Society

I seem to be absolutely at sea, since returning home on Sunday, in endeavoring to piece together the social fabric into anything like the shape I left it.

Then I knew fairly accurately who was coming, who going, where this one had been visiting, and when the other one was expected to open her house for the winter. Now I have to rip out all the stitches and start all over again.

Social weaving is at all times a puzzling pastime. People change their minds so often, unlooked for events are so constantly cropping up to upset arrangements, that a woman would need a ten-leaved needle to follow the pattern even fairly correctly.

One fact seems plainly evident, that a great many people have enjoyed their summer holiday very thoroughly this year.

At Mrs. J. J. Harrison's tea on Wednesday, where quite everyone one knew seemed present, every second person met was discussing on the charms of the particular spot in which they had spent their outing. All seemed in excellent spirits, glad to be home, and ready for a winter's gaiety.

But shall we have it, this season? Is the present to be a dull or lively winter? Who knows.

A great deal will depend, I imagine, on how things turn out politically; and at the present moment it would take some guessing to tell just where we're getting off at in that direction.

One thing seems fairly sure, Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Bulyea will continue on at Government House, though Mrs. Bulyea will not return to town until well on to Christmas.

Parliament meeting in November will probably cause a gentle flutter, though why, it is hard to fathom.

The Hospital Ball to be held on September 23rd in the new dining-room of the Cecil Hotel will be the first big break in the monotony, and is already being eagerly anticipated. Then about October 5th, the Golf Club give their dance. Melba will be here on the same date, and will doubtless draw a very large audience. All in all I think things will be fairly gay by Christmas.

I missed the golf and tennis tournaments last week, which some speak of as disappointing, owing to the wretched weather. Mrs. Goring's Necklaces, too, in which the local amateurs appear to have distinguished themselves. Mrs. Nightingale's "tea" on Friday, which I hear was a very smart and pretty event, and a number of other happenings which both as a scribe and personally, I should like to have been present at. Ah well one cannot be in two places at once, so there's an end of it.

The Oliver-Keefe wedding on the 21st, which is to take place in Ottawa at half-past two in St. Andrew's church, and is to be a very large and smart affair, is causing a great deal of interest in town where the bride and her family are so well known. Invitations reached town early in the week, and I hear of many handsome gifts on the way to the popular young bride-to-be.

Mrs. Ewing returns on Saturday from a delightful summer in the East, spent mainly at her sister's lovely home in Orilla, where Dr. Harvey is attached to the asylum.

Mrs. Gray, of Buffalo, a resident of Edmonton twenty-one years ago, Mrs. Lafferty, of Calgary, and Mrs. and Miss Ewing, of Elora, Ont., have been spending a few days with Mrs. Ewing, the two former leaving for their homes on Thursday.

Mrs. Ewing expects to have Mrs. Harvey with her some time in October, which is good news indeed, as she has shoals of friends in Edmonton, due to her singularly winning personality.

Rumor, as it that Dr. and Mrs. Lanerty, of Calgary, are shutting up their house this year, and are going to spend the winter abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross will be numbered among those flying south when the cold weather sets in. California or Honolulu are the places being considered, either of which sound alluring when the thermometer drops to 45 degrees below.

Mr. J. J. Anderson's brother, of Quebec, who has been very generously ill, is reported as making satisfactory progress at the time of writing. A one time Mr. Anderson thought to have gone East to see him, but received such satisfactory reports as to make him feel that it was unnecessary.

Mrs. J. J. Anderson leaves for Edmonton on September 22nd, the day following the Oliver-Keefe wedding. Her new residence will probably be in shape then for her to move into, and she is, so to little bird whispers, destined to be one of the smart new comers in the Capital.

Mrs. Arthur Sifton and Mr. C. Clarke Dennis, came up from Banff on Tuesday and were guests for a couple of days at the King Edward Hotel. They left on Thursday night for Winnipeg, but expect to return in a week's time, when I believe, they will begin to get settled in their new residence the corner of Sixth street and Athabasca avenue.

Mrs. Frederick Jamieson and Mrs. Marjorie, of Saskatchewan avenue, Strathcona, will receive for the first time this season on Tuesday next. I believe it is the day on the street.

Another attractive young matron, Mrs. Benson, also a resident on the

lovely river front, will hold her first reception on that day. Mrs. Benson formerly resided in Battleford, Sask., but has come to the University City to make her home.

Mrs. Dawson has Miss Craig, of Petrolia, visiting her. Miss Craig, I understand, will be in town until after the hospital ball on the 23rd.

Mr. Mac. Dawson, and the Misses Jean and Helen Dawson left last Thursday night for Toronto. Mr. Dawson to attend Toronto University, and the girls to enter Havergill Hall, as pupil boarders.

Mr. and Mrs. Soars returned from their honeymoon on Friday morning, and are en pension at "Updown Villa."

Mrs. Creighton had a very enjoyable "At Home" on Wednesday afternoon, when the warm sunny weather brought out a great many tea-goers in their dainty summer frocks and feathers.

Miss Phillips, formerly of Edmonton, now of London, England, is visiting Mrs. Robert Kenneth, of seventh street.

I hear that the Hon. Mr. Rutherford will not take possession of his handsome new residence on the river front in Strathcona until well on to Christmas. The house will be one of the very finest in the Twin-Cities, and it is delightfully situated both as to view and surroundings.

Mr. Ernest Rathburn, who has been very ill in the general hospital for some weeks, is making a slow recovery. Mrs. Rathburn, his mother, is expected in town shortly.

Mrs. John F. Helliwell, of Vancouver, and her governess and three children, arrived on Friday to spend a fortnight with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cautley, of Belton Lodge.

Mrs. C. W. Cross, and her nurse and daughter, arrived on Thursday from a delightful holiday spent at the Oak Bay hotel, Victoria.

Miss Fairservice, superintendent of the public hospital, has her sister and a friend visiting her.

One of the prettiest of the early autumn teas claimed Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison as hostess on Saturday, last when she had a few friends in to meet her mother, Mrs. Forney, of Moscow, Idaho.

The attractive new decorations and furnishings of the very artistic home, made a splendid background for the guests who came early and, being so well content, lingered late. Throughout the cheery rooms were quantities of fragrant flowers, while the tea table was a picture with its great bowl of pink sweet peas and pink-shaded candle-lights. Here Mrs. Biggar, in a fetching grey crepe frock and wisteria hat, and Mrs. Benson, in a modish tan silk gown and jaunty hat with red geraniums, dispensed delicious tea and coffee, while a bevy of pretty girls, Mrs. Haycock, Miss Taylor, Miss Gubbert and Miss Viva Sommerville assisted.

Mrs. Harrison received in a handsome gown of maroon crepe, inset with a rich oriental embroidery, while Mrs. Forney had on a stunning grey toilette trimmed with Duchess lace.

Mrs. Harrison receives this Friday, and her mother leaves for her home next Thursday.

Mr. Martin arrived on Wednesday night from the Coast, to spend the winter with Mons. and Madame Martin in their cosy apartments in the "Rene Lemarchand Mansions."

Mrs. R. B. Chadwick and her infant son leave for the east early next week, where they will visit her, and her husband's people.

Sixth street saw a steady stream of smart carriages making their way to Mrs. J. D. Harrison's charming new residence on Wednesday afternoon, when she had her first house-warming, in the shape of a lovely Autumn tea.

The occasion, besides giving the fair hostess' friends their first opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of this exceedingly artistic home, served also as a happy reunion of mutual friends, after the long summer holiday. So that in every respect the merry party was a very great success, and as such events usually are, seemed just a little more enjoyable and more infectious, than later on, when people have had a surfeit of parties generally.

In the big cheery living-room, a mass of exquisite autumn leaves, countless bowls of fragrant sweet peas and other bloom, Mrs. Harrison received her guests. She was looking strikingly sweet and graceful in a clinging gown of softest black satin, with jet sequined berthe, and a transparent yoke.

Assisting her were Mrs. Herring Cooper and Mrs. Robert Mays, while the tea-table was presided over by Mrs. Cautley and Mrs. Frith; by Mrs. Frederick Jamieson serving the tea, a number of the younger set assisting.

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The dining-room of this attractive house is one of its best features, the window and wall arrangement being particularly happy. For this occasion graceful branches of brown and scarlet leaves, added their charm to the toute ensemble, while the table was an original conception in scarlet geraniums and tooled brass-shaded candle-lights.

Everyone was congratulating the hostess on the success of her new house, the plans of which, by the way, were her own and her husband's idea.

Among the recently returned holidayers since my departure three weeks ago, who were present, were Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Frank Sommerville, and Mrs. Barlow, while others I noticed, were Mrs. Nightingale, who brought her sister, Miss Hudspeth; Mrs. Helliwell, of Vancouver; Mrs. MacLean and Mrs. Benson, of Strathcona; Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. and the Misses Cob-

bett, Mrs. W. E. Lines, Mrs. James Biggar, Mrs. Scoble, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. John Ross, and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Harry Robertson, Mrs. MacNamee, Mrs. Dobbell, Mrs. John Sommerville, Mrs. Gliscelin, Mrs. Harry Cooper, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Bishopric, Miss Ferris, Miss Viva Sommerville, the Misses Edith and Ethel Webster, and Miss Shibley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hobson are expected home from the Coast on Monday.

Early in the week Mrs. Cautley had a few intimate friends in for a cup of tea at Belton Lodge, to meet her sister, Mrs. Helliwell, of Vancouver, who, with her children is making a short stay in Edmonton preparatory to going on to visit her mother in Toronto. This pretty hospitable house was looking very attractive, bowls of pink sweet peas lending their fragrance and charm to the rooms, and the hour over the tea-cups was an unusually pleasant one.

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